



He can have my shirt now

OVER THERE, somewhere in Germany, I've got a kid brother. He's been in the fight since the beginning and now they've made him a corporal and sent him up to some bridgehead on the Rhine.

I've watched that kid grow up from a baby. I've helped him out of scrapes. I've raised the devil with him for getting fired from school and cussed him out for ducking the lawn-mower job. I've loaned him money I never expected to get back—and never did.

A couple of years ago I came home one day and found the little son-of-a-gun wearing my favorite shirt. We had a family row and I made him take it off.

Yesterday I had a letter from him. It was written with a pencil, over a month ago.

***That kid
can have
anything
I've got—
I'm going
to finish
my job, too***

He told me about the fellows he was with and asked about the family. He told me about the work our soldiers are doing along the German border and what a tiresome job it is now that there's no more fighting. He said he'd be home when his job is over.

And then the little devil asked me if I remembered the day I made him take off my shirt.

Well—

Until I got that letter I had a comfortable sort of a feeling that the war was over—that I had done about all that my patriotic duty called for, that my part of the job was finished.

But that letter woke me up.

It made me realize that a regular American doesn't put his Patriotism on the shelf when the guns stop booming.

If that kid is going to stick to his job until the whistle blows, I'm going to stick to mine.

I'm going to buy three Liberty Bonds this time and go without that new suit—I don't really need it, anyhow. And I'll feel a lot better.

Victory Liberty Loan Committee

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